

Liahona

R. A. Christmas

After he was let go, Dad's job
was changing the rolls on those
little spindles in the bathrooms.

Almost every morning he'd arise
and find the spindles blank or in
fragments on the floor (the rolls

on the counters)—it was curious
unworkmanship how neither his
wife nor children ever paid any

attention to the restoration of toilet
paper, or anything that might give
them a sense of direction like he

had by faithfully attending to the
way the spindles worked—by the
opposition of the springs—which

always (even when all else failed)
indicated where he should go and
what he should do. And he did.